

DELL
Exciting
Adventure

MOVIE...LASH
Still 10¢

LAWMAN

Dan Troop draws against three armed
gunmen who barter for Johnny McKay's life.

PETER
BROWN

JOHN
RUSSELL





LAWMAN

THE HARD BARGAIN



Suspecting that Johnny McKay has met with foul play from scheming outlaws, Marshal Troop searches for his missing deputy . . .



And Dan discovers that he must face three gunmen in a showdown to save Johnny from the blazing guns of one revengeful man.

DEBT TO A BADMAN



Torn between loyalty to a friend and his duty to his job, Johnny McKay halfheartedly goes on a man hunt with Marshal Troop.



Dan is wounded but continues to fight, for he knows that his deputy will need help to finish the job that they have begun.

LAWMAN THE HARD BARGAIN



MARSHAL DAN TROOP AND DEPUTY JOHNNY HARKY ARE QUICK TO TAKE ACTION...



THEIR SIX-GUNS BLAZE...



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ONE OF THE GANG
MEMBERS IS HIT...

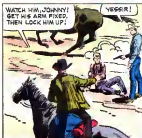
OOOWWW!
MY ARM!

YOU MEN MOUNT UP!
LET'S GET AFTER THEM!



WATCH HIM, JOHNNY!
GET HIS ARM FIXED,
THEN LOCK HIM UP!

YEEH!



DAN AND A GROUP OF CITIZENS
RIDE OUT AFTER THE BANK ROBBERS...

COME ON, YOU!
ON YOUR FEET!



BUT AFTER
THREE HOURS
OF FRUITLESS
SEARCHING...

IT'S NO USE, MARSHAL!
THEY'VE CLEAN
DISAPPEARED!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!
MAYBE I CAN GET
SOMETHING OUT OF
THE ONE JOHNNY'S
HOLDING IN TOWN!



THAT NIGHT...

NO LUCK,
MR. TROOP?

WE HAD LUCK, JOHNNY...
BUT IT WAS ALL BAD!

WE LOST THEM, BUT
MY GUESS IS THAT
THEY HEADED FOR
THE BADLANDS!

THAT'S ALL YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO DO IS GUESS,
MARSHAL... 'CAUSE
YOU'RE SURE NOT
GONNA CATCH 'EM!

MAYBE NOT TOMORROW,
YOUNG FELLA... BUT
SOONER OR LATER WE
WILL... I GUARANTEE
IT!

HA! IT'LL BE A COLD RAY
IN DEATH VALLEY WHEN
YOU CAN OUTSMART MY
BROTHER MAX!

SO YOU'RE
BOB COREY, ENT?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND IF YOU
THINK MAX IS GONNA
LET ME STEW
IN THIS TIN CAN
JAIL FOR LONG,
YOU HAVE
ANOTHER
THINK
COMING!

LISTEN, COREY... I'D JUST LIKE TO SEE YOUR
BROTHER TRY AND BUST YOU OUT! IF HE DOES,
WE'LL HAVE A JAIL FULL OF COREYS!

OKAY, DEPUTY! JUST DON'T
SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

MEANWHILE, AT A CAMP IN THE BADLANDS, MAX COREY
CONFERES WITH HIS GUNMEN, AL AND BART...

I STILL SAY YOU'RE CRAZY,
MAX! YOU CAN'T BUST SOB
OUT OF THE LARANIE JAIL...
NOT WITH DAN TROOP THERE!

BART'S RIGHT! HITTING
ONCE IN TROOP'S TERRITORY
IS ENOUGH FOR ME!



MAYBE YOU GUYS ARE RIGHT!
MAYBE I CAN'T BUST SOB OUT!
BUT THERE'S ONE THING I
CAN DO...AND THAT'S MAKE
A TRADE WITH TROOP!



A TRADE? WHATTA
YOU TALKIN'
ABOUT?

YEAH? WHAT YOU
GOT TO TRADE
WITH TROOP?



NOTHING RIGHT
NOW! BUT I'M
SURE FIXING TO
GET SOMETHING!

MAX, YOU'RE ADDLED!
WHAT COULD YOU
POSSIBLY GET TO
TRADE FOR SOB?



AND YOUNG DEPUTY,
THAT'S WHAT! I
HEAR HE AND TROOP
ARE CLOSE AS
BERRIES IN A
BUNCH!

JUST HOW DO YOU
FIGURE TO GET HIM?
YOU GONNA SEND
AN ENGRAVED
INVITATION OR
SOMETHING?



I DON'T
FIGURE IT'LL
BE EASY,
BART...BUT
ONE WAY OR
THE OTHER,
I'M GONNA
GET HIM!
MARK MY
WORD!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, AS DAN AND JOHNNY
MAKE A ROUTINE CHECK OF THE TOWN...



JOHNNY MOVES DOWN THE
DARKENED STREET ALONE...



AND SUDDENLY,
AS HE PASSES
AN ALLEY...



JOHNNY STRUGGLES VALIANTLY...



BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO MUCH...





HURRY IT UP! LET'S
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

WE CAN'T GET OUT TOO SOON TO SUIT ME!
WHEN TROOP FINDS THIS KID MISSING, HE'S
GONNA TEAR THIS COUNTRY UP LOOKING
FOR HIM!



HE WON'T HAPTA LOOK LONG,
'CAUSE AFTER HE SWEATS
AWHILE, I'M GONNA TELL
HIM RIGHT WHERE THE
KID IS!

I SURE HOPE
YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOIN'! I STILL
THINK...



WHEN YOU START DOIN' THE
THINKING FOR THIS OUTFIT, AL,
WE'RE OUT OF BUSINESS!
NOW LET'S RIDE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN
THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE...



HMMM? WONDER WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO JOHNNY?
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN
HERE BY NOW!



NOWHERE IN SIGHT!
MAYBE HE RAN INTO A
LITTLE TROUBLE! IF
BETTER HAVE A LOOK!

DAN BACKTRACKS THE STREET
JOHNNY WAS TO PATROL....

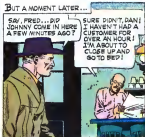
HMM? MAYBE HE WALKED UP
TO THE CAFE FOR SOME COFFEE...



BUT A MOMENT LATER...

SAY, FRED... DID
JOHNNY COME IN HERE
A FEW MINUTES AGO?

SURE DIDN'T, DAN!
I HAVEN'T HAD A
CUSTOMER FOR
OVER AN HOUR!
I'M ABOUT TO
CLOSE UP AND
GO TO BED!



WHY... IS
SOMETHING
WRONG?

I'M NOT SURE... BUT I
INTEND TO FIND OUT!



DAN CHECKS JOHNNY'S LIVING
QUARTERS, WITH NO LUCK...

SOMETHING ~~WAS~~ HAPPENED!
THIS ISN'T LIKE JOHNNY!



I WONDER...?
COULD MAX
COREY HAVE...

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
MARSHAL? YOU LOOK
TO HAVE A
PROBLEM!



MAYBE I DO, SONNY BOY!
AND IF WHAT I'M THINKING
IS SO, YOUR BROTHER'S
GOING TO GET SOME
REAL TROUBLE!

WHOOHOO! DON'T
SCOWL LIKE THAT,
MARSHAL! YOU'LL
FLUNK SCARE ME
TO DEATH!



MAYBE I JUST
WILL, SONNY BOY!

HEY! WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO?



MY DEPUTY DISAPPEARED!
THE WAY I FIGURE, YOUR
BROTHER HAS GRABBED
HIM! NOW ARE YOU
GOING TO TELL ME,
OR DO I HAVE TO...

BEAT IT OUT OF
ME, MARSHAL?
THAT WHAT YOU
PLAN TO DO?



I FIGURED YOU'D USE
GOOD SENSE, MARSHAL!
YOU JOHNNY-LAW
HAVE TO GO BY
THE BOOK!

JUST DON'T FREESE
YOUR LUCK, COREY!



MAKE YOU SHOW THE LAW
A LITTLE RESPECT, FOR ONE
THING! AND FIND OUT
WHERE YOUR BROTHER
AND HIS FRIENDS ARE
HIDING OUT, FOR
ANOTHER!

LENAVE GO! YOU
GOT NO RIGHT TO
PUSH ME AROUND!
WHAT'S EATIN'
YOU ANYHOW?



WHAT WOULD YOUR
LAW BOOK SAY
ABOUT THAT,
MARSHAL?

HE'S RIGHT! I...
CAN'T DO IT THIS WAY!

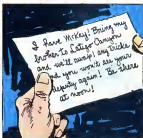


I DON'T NEED
LUCK! I GOT
MAX COREY
FOR A
BROTHER!

AND THERE'S NOTHING I
CAN DO BUT WAIT... WAIT
FOR MAX COREY TO MAKE
THE NEXT MOVE!



DAN TROOP DOES
NOT HAVE LONG
TO WAIT...



THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE OUTLAW CAMP...



HE'D BETTER BE THERE, KID! IF HE'S NOT, YOU TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND... 'CAUSE IT'LL BE THE LAST DAY YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO!



THREE HOURS LATER, IN LATISO CANYON...



AN HOUR LATER...

IT'S ALMOST NOON,
MAX...AND NO
SIGN OF 'EM!

LOOKS LIKE I WAS
WRONG! TROOP IS
DUMBER THAN I
THOUGHT
HE WAS!

WE'LL JUST SEE HOW HE LIKES THE
PRICE HE HAS TO PAY FOR BEING DUMB!
STAND UP, KID! UNLESS
YOU WANT TO GET IT
WHERE YOU ARE!

BUT AT THAT
VERY MOMENT...

HOLD IT, COREY! HERE'S
YOUR BROTHER!

MR. TROOP!

DON'T DO IT, MR. TROOP!
TAKE HIM BACK! YOU CAN'T
MAKE A DEAL WITH THE
LIKES OF MAX COREY!

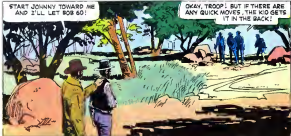
I HAVE
NO CHOICE,
JOHNNY!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE
FINALLY GETTING
SMART, TROOP!

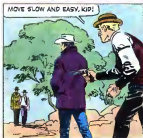
SMART ENOUGH TO
KNOW JOHNNY'S
WORTH TEN LIKE
YOUR BROTHER!

START JOHNNY TOWARD ME
AND I'LL LET BOB GO!

OKAY, TROOP! BUT IF THERE ARE
ANY QUICK MOVES, THE KID GETS
IT IN THE BACK!



MOVE SLOW AND EASY, KID!



START
WALKING,
COREY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, MARSHAL!
THANKS FOR THE ROOM
AND BOARD!



TENSION FILLS
THE AIR AS THE
PRISONER
EXCHANGE
PROCEEDS...

A FEW MORE STEPS AND
THE KID GETS IT ANYWAY
...THEN TROOP!

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
MAX COREY HAS NO INTENTION
OF LETTING ME OR MR. TROOP
OUT OF HERE ALIVE!



**BOB COREY AND JOHNNY REACH
THE MID-POINT OF NEUTRAL GROUND...**



THEN SUDDENLY, JOHNNY GOES INTO ACTION...



**WITH LIGHTNING FAST SPEED,
DAN TROOP DRAWS AND FIRES...**





UNEXPECTED ENEMY.



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The group of hard-eyed townspeople closed in around stout, mild-mannered Chester Evans, the village baker, as he stood among his automatic weapons.

"You're coming with us whether you like it or not," a man bellowed monotonously. "The sheriff needs every able-bodied man he can muster to help get that Blackster gang."

"But — but, fellows," the baker pleaded, "I'd only be in the way. I'm not very good at that sort of thing."

"Listen, Evans," the sheriff said gravely. "The Blackster bunch is so big, the only way we're going to stop them for good is to attack in force up at their hide-out in the hills."

The rotund little baker sighed deeply and nodded assent as the sheriff handed him a brace of pistols. He followed the others to the street and, minutes later, the ground trembled under the thunder of horses' hoofs as the men sped out of town.

The sheriff's plan of attack was a simple one. By surrounding the hide-out, he hoped to overwhelm the outlaws by the sheer force of numbers and pin them down with gunfire until they surrendered.

The posse rode to within a short distance of the outlaw stronghold. Then, leaving their horses, the men followed the sheriff as he led them stealthily forward on foot. All too soon for the frightened baker, they arrived at the outlaw shack, where each man took up the position assigned to him by the sheriff.

As soon as his men were well-concealed, the sheriff called a warning to their unseen quarry.

"We have you surrounded. You haven't a chance. Surrender before you're all killed."

Gunfire greeted the ultimatum, and the battle began.

From his position behind a small boulder, Chester Evans was alarmed to see men on both sides of him dropping...wounded.

"This spot is too hot for me," he gasped,

leaping to his feet and scurrying forward to the protection of a larger boulder.

Seeing the baker's panicky dash, someone shouted above the gunfire, "Stay down, you blamed fool."

To everyone's surprise, the baker leaped out from behind his new hiding place, both guns blazing, and plunged blindly towards another boulder even closer to the outlaws. The answering fire from the outlaws was intense, but he was entirely oblivious to the bullets thudding dully on the ground at his heels in the headlong dash for the security of a hiding place.

The sheriff, however, noticed at once that Chester's erratic and seemingly foolhardy actions had drawn the concentrated attention of the men in the hide-out shack. Sensing his advantage, he gestured to his men opposite him.

"Hey, the sheriff's signalling us to move forward," one of the men shouted.

From all sides, the posse converged on the shack. Taken aback by this surprise move and already unnerved by the strange and unexpected battle, the outlaws laid down their arms in surrender.

Some time later, as the outlaws were being herded into town as prisoners, the sheriff drew abreast of the baker's horse and spoke in admiring tones.

"If it hadn't been for you, we'd probably still be back there fighting," he grinned. "It took a powerful lot of nerve to expose yourself like that to draw their fire."

"I didn't do it on purpose," the baker admitted with a nervous laugh. "I was plumb scared to death, and didn't know what I was doing." He drew a shuddering breath before continuing. "I didn't really want to go forward, either. The only thing I knew for certain was that I had to get away from that nest of rattlesnakes hiding at me from underneath that second boulder."

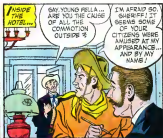
THE RENO KID

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ONE QUIET SUMMER
AFTERNOON, IN THE LITTLE
TOWN OF RIVER FALLS...







A MOMENT LATER...

HEY, YOU TWO...I JUST
HAD A TALK WITH THIS
YOUNG FELLA... AND HE'S
DECIDED YOU INSULTED
HIM!

IS THAT SO?
WHAT'S HE GON
TO DO ABOUT
IT?



HE SAID HE WANTS
TO SHOOT IT OUT...
RIGHT HERE AND
NOW...WITH BOTH
OF YOU!

YOU'VE GOTTA BE
KIDDIN', SHERIFF!
THIS GAMKY KID
WANTS TO SHOOT
IT OUT WITH **US**?



THAT'S RIGHT! NOW,
IF YOU TWO FELLAS
WILL JUST BACK
OFF A FEW STEPS,
WE'LL GO TO
DRAWIN'!

BEFORE YOU
'START PULLIN'
LEATHER, MAYBE
THERE'S SOMETHIN'
I OUGHTA TELL
YOU!



HIS REAL NAME
IS UPSON DANKERS...
BUT HE'S KNOWN
AS THE "RENO KID"!

(GULP)...
**THE RENO
KID?!**



THAT'S HIM! THE FASTEST GUN
IN SEVEN WESTERN STATES!



ANYTIME
YOU'RE READY,
FELLAS!

WELCOME TO RIVER
FALLS, MR. DANKERS!
I HOPE YOU'LL BE
WITH US A LONG
TIME!

THANK YOU,
SHERIFF... I
HOPE SO,
TOO!



LAWMAN DEBT TO A BADMAN



CHECK YOUR GUN!
CAREFULLY, JOHNNY
... SLIM, HERE, JUST
GIVE ME SOME NEWS!

WE'RE RIDING
SOMEWHERE,
MR. TROOPT



TO SUNRISE MOUNTAIN...I JUST
LEARNED THAT LITTLE BILL KIMBLE
HAS A HIDE-OUT UP THERE!



I RODE THROUGH YESTERDAY,
JOHNNY... SAW HIM MYSELF.
88 AS LIFE... RODE NOT MORE'N
THREE FEET AWAY FROM ME!
COURSE, I DIDN'T TRY TO DO
ANYTHING...

YOU WERE WISE,
SLIM... A MAN
LIKE KIMBLE IS
DANGEROUS!



JOHNNY AND I
CAN TAKE CARE
OF IT... THAT'S
OUR JOB!

UH...WHAT...WHAT
ABOUT THAT WORK,
YOU WANTED ME TO
DO ON THE NEW
CELL, MR. TROOPT?



THAT CAN WAIT, JOHNNY...
THIS IS IMPORTANT!
FOUR STATES ARE LOOKING
FOR LITTLE BILL KIMBLE!

IS HE...IS
HE ALONE?



ACCORDING TO SLIM,
THERE ARE TWO MEN
RIDING WITH HIM!

THERE COULD'VE
BEEN MORE, BUT
I DOUBT IT...ALL
I SAW WAS TWO!



ED CARNEY HAS BEEN WANTING
TO RIDE WITH YOU, MR. TROOP...
MAYBE THIS IS A GOOD TIME
TO GIVE AWM A CHANCE!

I WANT A
DEPUTY I
CAN CLAYTON
ON, JOHNNY!



IS SOMETHING
WRONG? YOU
ACT LIKE YOU
DON'T WANT
TO GO...

I...I GUESS I JUST
HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING
TOO WELL LATELY,
MR. TROOP!



OH? YOU HADN'T
MENTIONED IT
BEFORE...

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO
HAVE THE DOC LOOK YOU
OVER...LOT OF COLDS
GOING AROUND THIS
TIME OF YEAR!



THIS JOB SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG,
JOHNNY...AND WHEN WE'RE
FINISHED, YOU CAN TAKE A
FEW DAYS OFF!

YESSIR...



I'LL JUST SEE ABOUT MY
HORSE...GET MY GEAR
TOGETHER!

GOOD IDEA!





THIS ISN'T LIKE JOHNNY...
SOMETHING'S BOTHERING
HIM!

HE SURE DON'T
LOOK TO BE
SICK! YOU
S'POSE HE'S
JUST PLAIN
SCARED?



IT'S POSSIBLE... BUT
WHY ALL OF A SUDDEN?
HE'S BEEN THROUGH
THIS KIND OF THING
BEFORE!

HE HAVE ANY
CLOSE CALLS LATELY?
SOMETIMES IT MAKES
A BOY STOP AND
THINK...



NO...NOTHING THAT
WOULD BRING THIS ON!
IT SEEMS TO TIE UP
WITH *ASHWICK*...EVER-
SINCE KIMBLE CAME
INTO THE AREA,
JOHNNY'S ACTED
KIND OF STRANGE!

DON'T BLAME HIM!
THAT LITTLE BILL
KIMBLE PACKS A
MEAN GUN! HE'S
KILLED THREE MEN
ALREADY!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT
JOHNNY, MARSHAL...
WHEN THE GOING GETS
TOUGH, HE'LL COME
THROUGH!

YEAH... I'M
PROBABLY JUST
LETTING MY
IMAGINATION
GET THE BEST
OF ME!



A SHORT TIME
LATER...

GOOD LUCK, MARSHAL...
...YOU, TOO, DEPUTY!

THANKS, SLIM!

JOHNNY JACKSON IS
STRANGELY SILENT
AS THE TWO MEN
RIDE...

KIND OF QUIET, JOHNNY...
YOU'RE USUALLY FULL OF
TALK ON A RIDE!

CAN'T A MAN DO SOME
THINKING WITHOUT YOU
MAKING A BIG THING OF
IT? I DON'T *FEEL*
LIKE TALKING!



SURE, JOHNNY...
IF THAT'S THE
WAY YOU FEEL!

I... I'M SORRY,
MR. TROOP! I
DIDN'T MEAN TO
BLOW OFF STEAM -
LIKE THAT!

GUESS MAYBE I AM
GETTING A COLD OR
SOMETHING... SORRY!

SURE, JOHNNY...
FORGET IT!



HOURS
LATER...

THERE'S A BOX CANYON
UP AHEAD... THAT'S
WHERE SUN-SPOTTED
KIMBLE!

SOON...

LOOK...DOWN
THERE!





THAT'S THE CAMP, ALL RIGHT... AND
LIKE SLIM TOLD US, THERE'RE TWO
MEN WITH HIM!

WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO
MAKE AN APPROACH NOW...



IF WE MOVE DOWN THERE,
THEY'LL SEE US FOR SURE
...AND THAT'LL GIVE THEM
TIME TO GET OUT! OUR
ONLY CHANCE IS TO MOVE
DOWN UNDER COVER OF
DARKNESS...



WE'LL CAMP
HERE TILL
NIGHT!

RIGHT!

THE LAXMEN SETTLE DOWN TO AWAIT DARKNESS...



ANYTHING YOU WANT
TO TALK ABOUT,
JOHNNY?

HUH?



WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS A LONG
TIME, SON... IF THERE'S TROUBLE
ON YOUR MIND, IT MIGHT HELP
TO TALK!

NO... NO, IT'S
NOTHING!

FINALLY, DARKNESS FALLS...

I GUESS IT'S
TIME TO MOVE,
JOHNNY!

I'M READY!



CAUTIOUSLY, THE TWO MEN START THEIR
JOURNEY DOWN THE MOONLIT TRAIL...

UP AHEAD WE'LL SPLIT UP...
COME IN ON BOTH SIDES IN
CASE THEY TRY TO RIDE OUT
FAST!

RIGHT!



REMEMBER, JOHNNY...
DON'T MAKE A MOVE TILL
I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

YESSIR!



BUT THE MOMENT BANTROOP IS OUT OF SIGHT...

I HAVE TO GET TO KIMBLE
BEFORE BAN DOES!



JOHNNY RIDES QUICKLY TO A SPOT JUST
OUTSIDE THE OUTLAWS' CAMP...

WHAT ????

DON'T MOVE AND KEEP QUIET!



JOHNNY
HURRY!

THAT'S RIGHT,
LITTLE BILL!







AND AS KIMBLE AND HIS MEN RIDE OUT, PAN TROOP RIDES IN FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION...



MARSHAL TROOP IS HIT BY AN OUTLAW'S BULLET BUT CONTINUES TO FIRE AT THE FLEEING OUTLAWS...



AS JOHNNY TENDS TO DAN'S WOUND,
HE TELLS HIS STORY...

...AND LITTLE BILL
AND I PLAYED
TOGETHER WHEN
WE WERE KIDS...
HE WAS
DIFFERENT
THEN...

I WAS SWIMMING OUT BY A
POND... HIT MY HEAD AND
WENT UNDER... IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR BILL, I WOULD
HAVE DROWNED!

MAYBE IT WAS
CRAZY, BUT I
JUST COULDN'T
HELP BUT FEEL
OBLIGATED
TO HIM!

IF THE SITUATION
WERE REVERSED,
DO YOU THINK HE
WOULD HAVE
REPAID YOU?

I DON'T KNOW THAT,
MR. TROOP... BUT ALL
I KNOW IS I HAD TO
GIVE HIM THIS ONE
CHANCE...

AND NOW?

NOW I'M TURNIN' IN MY BADGE! AFTER
THIS I DON'T THINK YOU WANT ME AS
A DEPUTY... DON'T BLAME YOU, EITHER!
AND BELIEVE ME, MR. TROOP,
I WISH THIS HAD NEVER
HAPPENED...

YOU'RE NOT SLITTING,
JOHNNY! AND THAT'S
AN ORDER!

AN ORDER,
MR. TROOP?



MAYBE THIS COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED
IF YOU'D TOLD ME ABOUT IT...
KEEPING IT TO YOURSELF
DIDN'T DO ANYBODY ANY
GOOD! BUT WHAT'S DONE
IS DONE!

YOU MEAN
YOU REALLY
WANT ME TO
STAY ON?



YOU SAID YOU AND
KIMBLE ARE *EVERY*
NOW, DIDN'T YOU?

YES...BUT...



THEN LET'S *RYDE*, SON! WE'RE
GOING TO GET LITTLE BILL KIMBLE,
AND *TAKS* TIME YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO LET HIM GET AWAY!

BUT YOUR
ARM, MR
TROOP...
YOU
CAN'T...



I HAVE *GIVE* GOOD HAND,
JOHNNY...YOU'LL JUST
HAVE TO BE EXTRA GOOD
WITH YOUR TWO!

AND THROUGH THE NIGHT THE
LAWMEN RIDE HARD, TRAILING
THE OUTLAWS...



THEN, AT DAWN...



THERE THEY ARE
...UP AHEAD!

JOHNNY AND DAN RIDE FAST
AND CLOSE THE GAP...



WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT 'EM
FROM THESE ROCKS!



THIS IS AS CLOSE AS
WE CAN GET ON OUR
HORSES, MR. TROOP!

KEEP AFTER 'EM,
JOHNNY! WE'LL
MAKE IT!



JOHNNY HITS ONE OF THE OUTLAWS...

OOOW! MY ARM!



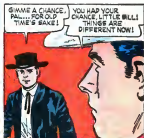
DAN WINS ANOTHER...



FINALLY, ONLY LITTLE BILL
KIMBLE REMAINS...

THERE HE IS!





MEN AND WYOMING



Wyoming has made many men famous, and many men have made Wyoming famous. Before it became a territory of law and order, it was a wild and woolly land which attracted men with personalities to match its own.



One of Wyoming's best-known sons was Buffalo Bill. From expert buffalo hunter, he went on to star in his own wild west show which featured, for awhile, Sitting Bull, famous for his part in "Custer's Last Stand."



Jim Bridger was another famous Wyoming character. One of the West's renowned trappers, he discovered the great Salt Lake and was among the first to report the marvels of what is now Yellowstone National Park.



Kit Carson played a large part not only in Wyoming history but, as scout for John C. Fremont, he saved the soldier-explorer from massacre by Indians and guided him to his great role in making California a state.



Wyoming's frontier days live for us in the present through the writings of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. In turn, their fame came to them largely through their tales of a West which they immortalized in fiction.



When telegraph wires were first strung across the Western plains, engineers expected the winter weather to interfere with the operation of the system. It did on occasions when severe storms snapped the wires; however, the real hazard and enemy of the telegraph was a combination of Indians and buffalo.



At first the limbless trees, which the white men planted, did not arouse much curiosity among the Indians; but soon they regarded the "talking wire" as a supernatural device, and they began burning the poles.



After the Indians were convinced that the telegraph could call for help when white men were under their attack, they cautiously cut the wires before making a raid and were away from the scene before help could come.



On treeless plains, buffalo innocently tore down poles as they rubbed their shaggy bodies against them to scratch their itchy hides. Previously, any rock formation served as a scratching post for the woolly animals.



To discourage the habit, sharp spikes were driven into the poles, but the buffalo enjoyed rubbing against the poles all the more as the spikes reached through the matted hair to relieve the deep-seated discomfort.

